War. And yet the worthy deedes that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honored here.
Suff. Peace headstrong *Warwicke*.
War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?
Suff. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master of high Treason, and his words were these.
That the duke of *Yorke* was law ful heire vnto the crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.
Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.
King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?
Armor. An't shal please your maiesty, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villaine here.
Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so.
Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue the law.
Armor. Alas my Lord, hang me if euer I spake these words, my accuser is my prentise, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your maiesty do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.
King Vnckle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?
Humph. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With Eben staues, and Standbags combating
In Smithfield, before your Royall Maiesty.

exit Humphrey.

Armor. And I accept the combate willingly.
Peter Alas my Lord, I am not able to fight.
Suff. You must either fight sirra, or else be hangde:

Goe

21 the words

Go take him hence againe to prison. *exit with them*

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutches of Gloster a boxe on the eare.

Queene Giue me my gloue, why minion can you not see?

She strikes her.

I crie you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had beene you.
Elnor. Did you not, prowd French-woman,
Could I come neare your daintie visage with my nailes,
I'de set my ten commandements in your face.
King Be pacient gentle Aunt,
It was against her will.
Elnor Against her will good King, sheele dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her:
But let it rest, as sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde.

exit Elnor.

King Beleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame,
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had beene here in place.

Enter Duke Humphrey

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not:
Vnckle Gloster, what answere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France?
Whom thinkes your grace is meetest for to send?
Humph. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolue,
For that these words the Armourer doth speake,
Doth breede suspition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,
Till trial's made, and Yorke may cleere himselfe.
King. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset,
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France,
Make haste my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expirde.
Somer. I humbly thanke your royall maiestie,

And

27 armourer should speake